
Title: The Gargl View on the Wingless Undead

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Written in the Common
Tongue so it can be
understood by the
wingless.
Throughout Sosaria, as in
Ter Mur, there seems to
be an abundance of
reanimated dead beings. In

Ter Mur, those who have
fallen and been placed in
the Tomb of Kings have
come magically back to
life and pose as a
consistent scourge to the
Holy City. In mannerisms
and characteristics, they
are very similar to the
wingless undead of
Sosaria: animated remains
of human and elven bones,
wraiths, shades, and the
more keen Liches.
However, there are one
subset of wingless undead
which have been
completely unknown to Ter
Mur until very recent
times, and they have
proven themselves to be
far more intelligence and
resourceful than the living
wingless. They practice
our three primary virtues:
control, passion, and
diligence and thus are
closer to our equals and
worthy of our respect.

Of all scholars of Ter
Mur, I have been one of
the only ones which have
had extensive contact
with this particular group.
When they had found me
in the lands of Malas, I
was weakened and in a
perpetual state of Gargl

Rage, which had clouded my judgment greatly. They used some sort of device to track me down and capture me. However, their intentions were not ill towards me, for they took me under their proverbial wing (for they lack physical ones) and revealed to me types of magic which many in Ter Mur have yet to study.

This group was composed of highly intelligent undead. They called themselves the Order of the Ebon Skull, and were led by a particularly keen Lich Lord whose experience and intelligence rivals many of our own elders. The Order had an enlightening philosophy on life and death which allowed them greater mental freedom than the living wingless. They have embraced the idea of Entropy, the concept that everything decays and ultimately dies, thus making the defiance of death completely and utterly futile. Once members of the Order embrace death, they can exist for hundreds, or even thousands of years and much of that time is spent studying the arcane, giving them a knowledge base which rivals our scholars.

One can not assess the positive qualities of the Intelligent Dead without comparing them to the living wingless ones, which in this case means humans and elves.

One of the primary shortcomings of the wingless living is their short-sighted and

narrow-minded thinking.
They spend much of their
very short lives pursuing
trivial entertainments,
seeking ways to postpone
their inevitable fates, and
fighting amongst
themselves over small
ideals. The Intelligent Dead
do not share this
shortcoming. Their
amusement comes with
reaching higher plateaus
of enlightenment, they are
united in their efforts,
and their ideals are
further-reaching than
those of the wingless
living. They exercise
diligence in their work,
constantly striving
towards a greater goal
while maintaining their
passion for the work
they are doing. They
develop and master
control over themselves
and their physical and
spiritual incarnations to
allow themselves to exist
for prolonged periods of
time and continue their
studies and work.

Another shortcoming of
the wingless living is
their very short
life-spans. A mere
hundred or so years, or
a few hundred for elves,
is not enough time to
become truly enlightened.
The Intelligent Dead can
live indefinitely and thus
can attain greater
knowledge than even our
very own Prophets.
Whether or not this has
been achieved yet, I know
not. It seems that the
living wingless have
seething rancor towards
the Intelligent Dead. This
may be out of naïvete
for they do not
understand the wisdom
which the Dead bring, or
perhaps jealousy for they

envy the ability to see
life as a broader image,
which can only be seen
through the lens of
death.

In my scholarly estimation,
the wingless living would
do well for themselves to
embrace death, for is
there no better way to
extend one's lifespan
than through eternal
undeath? Quaffing tonics
and potions and remedies
designed to fight diseases
and postpone aging is
unnecessarily
time-consuming, costly,
and vain. Accepting one's
fate, that one is to die
regardless of their
actions, is an enlightened
position which the
wingless living can learn
from the Intelligent Dead.

As long as the Intelligent
Dead, such as the Order
of the Ebon Skull, make
no overt gestures of
hostility toward the
Winged of the Royal City,
then they shall be
welcomed guests and be
allowed privileges normally
exclusive to our kind.

-Jaggerauth, Lore Master
of the Ter Mur Royal
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